11633 c 2

Bought
14 Sept. 1870
from John Wilson

No indication from
Ho-entry as to the
initials A.G. or
J.B.S. notes.

11633 c 2

Bought
14 Sept. 1870
from John Wilson

No indication from
Ho-entry as to the
initials A.G. or
J.B.S. notes.

11633.e.2.

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.
Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to't a right hath better,
A *wight*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore of old *black*-letter.
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they're not bound in *calf!*
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it;
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to "*dog's*-ear" it!
And o'er my books when book-*worms* "*grub*," I'd have them understand,
No marks the margins must de-*face* from any busy "*hand!*"
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e'er some critic spy leaves,
It always him so *wasp*-ish makes, though they're but on the *fly*-leaves!
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-*fer* to *deal* a fate most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a *sheet!*
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deem'd a *bore*—his candid mind revealing,
Declares, to beg "a *copy*" now's a mere pre-*text* for stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,
I thus my book-*plate* here display, lest some such "fry" should *dish* me!
—But hold,—though I again declare WITH-holding I'll not *brook*,
And "a *sea* of trouble" still shall take to bring book-worms "to *book!*"

The appearance of Mr Clark's book plate is a severe infliction of something worse than death.

11633 a 2

Henry Baker, the Author of this book, was Father a Remarkable Character, more for his scientific Lives, & Ld Lovelace says, than his Betrical: - & Reference to his Written "An attempt towards a Natural History of the Polype. 8. 1743. - & the Microscope made Easy. 3rd Edit. 1744. Hence must have been very advanced books in their day. Fine plates of Insects representing the Marvellous Polype, & the wonderful Revelations of the Microscope. Besides a distinguished Philosopher Henry Baker must have been a Lover of Liberty. for he first Father married the daughter of that Stout defender of the Rights & privileges of Englishmen, Daniel Defoe. [redacted] Son of this Marriage was Davis Erskine Baker, Author of the Playhouse Companion, since augmented & republished as the Biographia Dramatica -

Henry Baker, died 25 Nov. 1774. in his 74th Year. See Wilson's Defoe. Vol. 3. p. 647

A. G. 6 Sept 1852

Baker. Henry.
Medulla Poetarum Romanorum; or the most beautiful
& instructive passages of the Roman Poets, with translations
Verse. 8. 2 Vols Lond 1737-
Poems, Serious & humorous. 2 d Part. 1726
An Invocation of Health a Poem. 8. 1723
The Microscope, a Philosophic Poem, intended to illustrate the
Pride of Man. New Edit. with the Life of the Author 1805
Market Report of the Sugar Trade
Friday Afternoon 19th Dec.r 1851

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 SE 70

Sugar. The Market is again flat Hhds W.I
sold at former rates including 150 Barbadoes
the latter cheaply. In public sale 4550
Bags Bengal 3100 Madras 1000 Penang

11633.e.2

ORIGINAL

POEMS:

Serious and Humourous.

A

BRITISH MUSEUM

Baker (Henry) F. R. S

K

ORIGINAL

POEMS:

Serious and Humourous.

By Mr. *HENRY BAKER.*

At ev'ry Trifle ſcorn to take Offence,
That always ſhews great Pride or little Senſe.
Mr. *Pope's* Criticiſm.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR. 1725.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Joſeph Gaſcoign Nightingale, Eſq;

PLEASE, Sir, with Your accuſtomed Goodneſs, to receive theſe Children of the Muſes: born, and brought up, in a Family, whoſe prevailing Principle is a Reſpect for You; and in a Country, where You are as much eſteem'd as known.

That refin'd Taſte of Life, and ſurpriſing Delicacy of Thought, which remarkably diſtinguiſh all You do, or ſay, have been ſtrong Checks to this Preſumption: But not ſufficient to reſtrain that paſſionate Deſire, I have long had, of profeſſing how devotedly I am,

SIR,

Your Obedient and

moſt Humble Servant,

HENRY BAKER.

THE PREFACE.

THE Poems *here publiſhed, are ſome few, out of a great Number, which a ſtrong Diſpoſition to that Sort of Writing, and a Leiſure agreeable to the* Muſes, *have produced. Perhaps, the Time might have been employ'd to much better Purpoſe; but now there is no recalling it: and beſides, I ſhall not believe it wholly loſt, if ſo be Others can receive from it a little Part only of the Pleaſure it has afforded me; nor am I without Hope, that (amongſt much Variety,) ſome of its Productions may not only pleaſe but profit.*

Notwithſtanding, the World *has already accepted* **One of my* Performances, *with more Indulgence than an unknown Perſon could well expect, I dare not intrude much more upon it, till I prove its Inclination farther. The following Pieces, therefore, are intended to cultivate our Acquaintance; They are ſelected from and deputed by the reſt, to make Way for their Reception: If Theſe are uſed with Kindneſs, the Others will get Courage enough to follow, in Expectation of the ſame Treatment; but if not, They muſt peaceably ſink again into their former* Nonexiſtence.

The ſeveral Pieces *here put together, were not choſen out as being imagined beſt, but only as Specimens of the* Spirit *and* Manner *in which thoſe behind are written; to ſhew, how They, like Theſe, are an almoſt equal Mixture of the* Serious, *the* Amorous, *and the* Gay: *And may ſerve for a natural Hiſtory of my ſelf, truly pointing out the Turn and Diſpoſition of my Soul at the Time it gave them Birth. —— As I ſcarce ever have intentionally ſat down to write,*

* Invocation of Health.

write, but only copied the Ideas, *I know not how ariſing, accidentally, in my own* Mind; *as I have followed no* Rules, *nor at all conſulted the Thoughts of Others upon the ſame* Subjects, *it is very probable, there may be leſs of* Art, *and more of* Nature, *than is uſually found in* Compoſitions *of the like Sort: But to Thoſe who have a juſt Taſte of* Poetry, *which, Itſelf, is no more than a true* Repreſentation *of* Nature, *this will give no Diſguſt.*

Tho' I have a Parent's Tenderneſs for theſe Children of the Brain, *and a ſuitable Concern for their well-doing; yet, am I not ſo blinded to imagine them perfect, or be fond of their Deformities. Far from that, I could point out more* Faults, *than, perhaps, the ſevereſt* Critick *will find; ſo many, indeed, that to correct them, would require* Time *and* Pains, *equal, at leaſt, to what They have already coſt me, and much more than I have now to ſpare. But on the other Hand, I am not ſo exceſſive Baſhful to think They have no Merit: Certain am I, that much*

worſe

Notwithſtanding, the World *has already accepted* **One of my* Performances, *with more Indulgence than an unknown Perſon could well expect, I dare not intrude much more upon it, till I prove its Inclination farther. The following Pieces, therefore, are intended to cultivate our Acquaintance; They are ſelected from and deputed by the reſt, to make Way for their Reception: If Theſe are uſed with Kindneſs, the Others will get Courage enough to follow, in Expectation of the ſame Treatment; but if not, They muſt peaceably ſink again into their former* Nonexiſtence.

The ſeveral Pieces *here put together, were not choſen out as being imagined beſt, but only as Specimens of the* Spirit *and* Manner *in which thoſe behind are written; to ſhew, how They, like Theſe, are an almoſt equal Mixture of the* Serious, *the* Amorous, *and the* Gay: *And may ſerve for a natural Hiſtory of my ſelf, truly pointing out the Turn and Diſpoſition of my Soul at the Time it gave them Birth.* —— *As I ſcarce ever have intentionally ſat down to write,*

* Invocation of Health.

write, but only copied the Ideas, *I know not how ariſing, accidentally, in my own* Mind; *as I have followed no* Rules, *nor at all conſulted the Thoughts of Others upon the ſame* Subjects, *it is very probable, there may be leſs of* Art, *and more of* Nature, *than is uſually found in* Compoſitions *of the like Sort: But to Thoſe who have a juſt Taſte of* Poetry, *which, Itſelf, is no more than a true* Repreſentation *of* Nature, *this will give no Diſguſt.*

Tho' I have a Parent's Tenderneſs for theſe Children of the Brain, *and a ſuitable Concern for their well-doing; yet, am I not ſo blinded to imagine them perfect, or be fond of their Deformities. Far from that, I could point out more* Faults, *than, perhaps, the ſevereſt* Critick *will find; ſo many, indeed, that to correct them, would require* Time *and* Pains, *equal, at leaſt, to what They have already coſt me, and much more than I have now to ſpare. But on the other Hand, I am not ſo exceſſive Baſhful to think They have no Merit: Certain am I, that much*

worſe

worſe have at ſeveral times come abroad, and been encouraged too. I could never comprehend that Compliment of ſome Authors to the World, who at the very time they preſent their Labours, declare them nothing worth: This, methinks, is not over civil; and it may be, more real Pride and Vanity lies hid under that Affectation of Modeſty, than appears in my Bluntneſs and Unreſerve.

It is certainly very difficult (if perhaps it be poſſible) for a Man to form a true Judgment of his own Performances: He need not indeed fear thinking worſe of Them than They deſerve, but is in great Danger of being deceived on the other ſide, by Self-Love, *Mankind's firſt and ever-acting Principle, to fancy Beauties in them, which none beſides can find. Many, without Doubt, who are now forgotten, had as good an Opinion of themſelves as thoſe Few whom their Works have juſtly made immortal; for whatever may be pretended, every Writer thinks He writes well, or would not write at all.*

Cuſto m

Cuſtom, *that dull Excuſe (as Lord* Rocheſter *calls it) for doing ſilly Things, has made a Preface in ſome ſort neceſſary, or I had not given this Trouble both to the Reader and my ſelf. But ſince ſomewhat muſt be ſaid, I ſhall endeavour it be ſuitable to the real Deſign of ſuch Diſcourſes, which is, as I conceive, not only to give the Reader ſome previous Knowledge of what he is about to peruſe, but withal to prepoſſeſs Him as much as poſſible in Its Behalf. They are a Kind of Recommendatory Letters from an Author to the World, and ſometimes have prepared a favourable Reception, but uſually are looked upon as a meer Form, and of no further Avail than to make a Book come abroad in a faſhionable Dreſs: Few read them, and fewer ſtill They pleaſe.*

To ſet forth the Excellence and Difficulties of Poetry, *that it admits no* Mean, *nor is by Study attainable, would be copious Heads for any One who loves much talking, but my ſelf imagine it of more Service, towards anſwering*

the

the above-ſaid Purpoſe, to aſſure the Reader *that all the Pieces He finds in this Bundle are entirely new :* Novelty *often-times is admitted as a Kind of Merit, and my Hopes from hence are more ſanguine, than from even all the flattering Inſinuations* Self-Love *that ſmiling Deceiver can ſuggeſt. There is likewiſe a great Variety in the Numbers and Manner, as well as Subjects they treat on, which, perhaps, may ſtill contribute ſomewhat towards making them more acceptable.*

The greateſt and ſincereſt Pleaſure I know in Life, is, to pleaſe Others, for This my daily Study and my continual Care; my next, is, to offend no Body. How well I may ſucceed in the firſt, a little Time will ſhew; but of the latter I am almoſt certain, having induſtriouſly avoided whatever might diſoblige. Here is no Party-Reflection, no Scandal, nor Ill-Nature, which ſecures me from any Apprehenſion of perſonal Enemies; and will, I perſwade my ſelf, make my other Faults more eaſily paſſed over.

And

And now, I have only to intreat the Reader, *for his own Sake as well as mine, to come with an Intent of being pleas'd, and where Reaſon will permit, rather chuſe to commend than blame. It is eaſier to find out Imperfections in all Human Performances; but, methinks, much more delightful to conſider their Beauties; and that is an unhappy Delicacy which makes One ſenſible of ſuch Things only as Diſguſt. However my Abilities may prove deficient, my Endeavours have been to entertain, and ſome Regard is ſurely due even for an intended Kindneſs: Eſpecially, when that Intent appears in real Action.*

I am obliged to many Friends for their favourable Opinion of Theſe in Manuſcript; and as ſeveral of them are Perſons of exquiſite Judgment, joyned with great Integrity, have thence chiefly been encouraged to make them publick, hoping from Others alſo equal Candour and Good-Nature.

I will no longer detain the Reader: What I have already ſaid, is, perhaps, unneceſſary, more would be impertinent.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE Petition.	Page 1
To Flora. *Anacreontick.*	3
An Hymn to Jupiter.	7
Kitty's *Dream.*	10
The Toaſt.	15
To Flora.	*Ibid.*
A Serious Reflection on Human Life.	18
A Song. To Flora.	21
The Feather.	22
The Complaint. An Elegy.	23
To Flora *Dreſt.*	25
The Meditation.	27
Amanda's *Character.*	29
The Reſolution.	30
The Spinning-Wheel. An Epiſtolary Tale: In a Letter to Mr. Thomas Pr——ch——d *at* London.	31
A Ballad.	46
To Friendſhip.	50
The Rapture.	*Ibid.*

Flava

CONTENTS.

Flava. Page 51

A Proof of Love. 52

To Mrs. Jane Forſter. *On her Birth-Day.* Auguſt 4, 1724. *An Ode.* 53

A Song. 55

Damon *and* Cloe. *A Song.* 56

A Prayer : For a young Lady ſick. 58

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Halſey; *aged* 19. 59

On Mrs. S——*'s playing on the Harpſicord, and ſinging.* 66

To a deaf young Lady. 67

To a Painter drawing her Picture. 68

The Enquiry. 69

The Compariſon. 70

To Flora. *A Song.* 71

Death. 72

Love. 74

On Content. 76

The Execration. 77

The Beauties of Enfield. 78

THE

THE PETITION.

GRant me, You Gods! before I die,
An happy Mediocrity;
I envy not the Man that's Great;
His Floors inlaid, his Coach of State;
To me an humble Quiet's more
Than all the Stateſman's dearly purchas'd Store.
Nor Rank, nor Wealth, I ask: But let me be
Above Contempt, and wantful Poverty.
Give me a Mind not anxious to encreaſe,
But able to enjoy my little Stock in Peace;

Be it unruffl'd, calm, ſedate,
Not rais'd above, but equal to my Fate.
Good-Nature ſtill in my Behaviour ſhine,
And be Humanity for ever mine:
May true Religion, that unerring Guide,
Direct my Flight
To Heav'n aright,
But let me lay Its empty Forms aſide.
Health and ſound Reaſon give me ſtill,
To judge unbiaſs'd what is Good or Ill.
Obedient let my Paſſions be
To all the Rules of ſtrict Morality.

Now, You Heav'nly Pow'rs above!
Benign, indulgent, full of Love,
If in all your boundleſs Store
A Bleſſing ſo unprizable there be,
Crown whate'er you gave before
With a true Friend, full of Sincerity:

Be He th'Adviſer of my riſing Thoughts,
Able and willing to correct their Faults.

Grant me this, and whereſoe'er
Phœbus ſhews his Golden Ray,
Underneath the frozen Bear,
Or in the ſultry Wilds of *Africa*,
Place me whereſoe'er you pleaſe,
On th'extended Continent,
Or ſome Iſland daſht with Seas,
Still ſhall I praiſe You, and be well content.

To *FLORA*.

ANACREONTICK.

TELL, my *Flora*, tell me, why,
Little Love, and Thou, and I,

Haſten not to yonder Bow'r,
There ſecure the preſent Hour ?

Pr'ythee, let us not delay
Seizing Pleaſure while we may :
Opportunity, now ſmiling,
Is uncertain, and beguiling ;
Who knows what may hap to-morrow,
Good, or Evil, Joy, or Sorrow ?
Thoſe are out of *Fortune*'s Pow'r,
Who poſſeſs the lucky Hour.

Come, my *Flora*, let us try,
Whether Love, and Thou, and I,
Cannot find a prudent Way
Fully to enjoy to-day :
Sure, my *Flora*, ſure we may.
Folded in each Other's Arms,
Raptur'd with each Other's Charms,

Be thy ſnowy Boſom preſt
To this panting glowing Breaſt:
O! My Charmer! let us prove
All the Myſteries of Love,
Each beſtowing, each poſſeſſing,
Ev'ry Wiſh, and ev'ry Bleſſing.

Pr'ythee, be not long denying,
Winged *Time* is ever flying:
Even now a Moment's gone:
Death is always poſting on;
While we fooliſhly delay,
He may ſnatch us both away.

Of all to come beyond the Grave
We can no Conception have,
Mortal Opticks cannot ſee
Into dark *Eternity*;

What is Pleaſure here, we know,
Love alone is truly ſo,
Let us haſten then to prove
All the ſmiling Joys of Love;
Never more, perhaps, may be
Another Poſſibility.

And in whatſoever Way,
Buiſie, Idle, Dull, or Gay,
Howſoe'er we Life employ,
Be it full of Grief, or Joy,
Whether Young, or Old, we die,
Lingering, or Suddenly,
Whether we neglect, or care,
Still the ſame muſt be our Lot,
To go, and live, we know not where,
Be, and do, we know not what.

An Hymn to JUPITER.

TO Thee, Great *Jove!* our Hearts, our Hands, our Eyes,
Thankful, we raiſe, Great *Jove!* to Thee, from whom
Whatever Good we or enjoy, or hope,
Came, and muſt come, to Thee Beneficent!

Grand Parent of the Univerſe! Supreme!
Almighty One! with Adoration, low,
Proſtrate, thy Creatures fall; proſtrate they fall,
Joyful, exulting, chanting forth thy Praiſe.
Thy Praiſe, whoſe Bounty unexhauſtible
Eternal flows, on All thy Creatures flows,
But moſt on Man: Then moſt by Man be paid
Of Thanks, of Praiſe, of Adoration low.

Our Being firſt, Great God! we praiſe thee for,
That Man (not Fiſh, or Bird, or Beaſt, but Man)
Man thou haſt made us, Man the Lord of all,
Of Beaſt, of Bird, of Fiſh, of whatſoe'er
Or ſwims, or walks, or flies, the native King.

For Life we praiſe thee much, for Reaſon more;
For Reaſon, glorious Gift! than Life more worth:
Man's grand Preheminence! in All beſide,
Swiftneſs, or Strength, or Perfectneſs of Senſe,
He nor excells, nor equals, but by This,
By This he reigns, ſuperior, o'er the Brute.

Accept our Adoration, gracious King! [Praiſe,
For Food, for Health: Accept our Thanks and
For all thoſe Bleſſings which thy liberal Hand,
Magnificently bountiful! beſtows:

Thee

Thee we adore for All: But moſt for One,
One Bleſſing! more than All: abſent which One
Not All could make us happy, which alone
Refines the reſt, and makes them worth our Care.

All Glory be to thee, great *Jove!* for Woman:
For Woman! Form divine! Creature Celeſtial!
Thy beſt, thy faireſt Work! wherein compriz'd
Is all of Good, or Fair. How great thy Love!
How great thy Love to Man! when him thou gav'ſt
This laſt, this choiceſt Gift! This, laſt thou gav'ſt,
For, after this, what more was there to give?
All Glory be to Thee, great *Jove!* for Woman!
For all thy Bleſſings, Glory be to Thee,
But moſt for Woman! Woman more than all!

KITTY's

KITTY's Dream.

ON her Couch, one Summer's Day,
Beauteous, youthful *Kitty* lay:
Venus ſaw her from above,
(Smiling *Venus*, Queen of Love:)
Amaz'd at each celeſtial Grace,
Her poliſht Limbs, her blooming Face,
Come here, my Son, ſhe ſaid, and ſee
One you might have took for me.
Roguiſh *Cupid*, laughing, cries,
O give me leave to quit the Skies,
And make that heav'nly Maiden prove
The various Myſteries of Love:
The cloſe Embrace, the juicy Kiſs,
The raging, melting, dying Bliſs.

Venus

Venus conſented; go, my Boy,
Make her know the Heighth of Joy.

Away the Archer and his Train
Sport along th' Etherial Plain.

Now, around the ſleeping Fair
Thouſand *Cupids* fill the Air;
In her Boſom ſome inſpire
Tender Wiſhes, warm Deſire;
Some in balmy Kiſſes ſip
Nectar from her glowing Lip;
Her each heaving ſnowy Breaſt,
Some with wanton Ardor preſs'd;
Twining round, her ſlender Waſte,
Some with eager Joy embrac'd;
Whilſt at random others rove
Thro' the fragrant Groves of Love.

While thus the God his Revels keeps,
Kitty, happy Virgin! ſleeps:
A pleaſing Dream her Soul employs,
Rich with imaginary Joys.

She thinks, Sir *Charles* upon his Knees,
Beſeeching her to give him Eaſe;
That ſhe diſdainful looks a while,
At length, with a complying Smile
His Fears diſpelling, lets him ſee
She burns with Love as much as He:
That folded in his eager Arms,
He boldly rifles all her Charms,
While ſhe returns the warm Embrace,
Breaſt to Breaſt, and Face to Face!

Sighing, ſhe wakes: Ah Love! ſhe cries,
How vaſt muſt be thy real Joys?

When

When thus divinely great they ſeem,
Tho' but imagin'd in a Dream!

Scarcely this Reflection o'er,
A Footman thunders at the Door:
Kitty, diſorder'd, leaves her Couch,
And *Betty* tells the Knight's approach.

He enters with becoming Grace,
Bluſhes overſpread her Face;
In a ſoft perſwaſive Strain
He begs her to relieve his Pain:
Nothing ſhe ſays: but from her Eyes
He learns that nothing ſhe denies.
Encourag'd thence, her Lips, her Breaſt,
He tries, and wanders o'er the Reſt;
The glowing Maid, no longer coy,
Gives an unbounded Looſe to Joy,

Around

Around him folds her ſnowy Arms,
At once beſtowing all her Charms:
And now, this happy Couple prove
All the ſubſtantial Sweets of Love,
While thouſand *Cupids*, laughing by,
Aſſiſt their bliſsful Ecſtacy.

Looſen'd from his fond Embrace,
My Dream, ſhe crys, is come to paſs!
And did my Charmer dream of this?
Sir *Charles* replies, and takes a Kiſs;
Henceforth, whene'er you dream, my Dear,
Let me be your Interpreter.

The *TOAST.*

HEALTH to *Anna!* Nature's Treaſure!
Health to *Anna!* charming Fair!
Health to *Anna!* Health and Pleaſure,
Health and Pleaſure, void of Care!

Crown'd with Peace and ſmiling Love,
Long, on Earth, may ſhe poſſeſs
All the Bleſt enjoy above,
Beauty, Health, and Happineſs!

To *FLORA.*

FALSE one! You have oft profeſs'd,
I alone could make you bleſt;

Where-

Wherefore then am I deſpis'd?
Wherefore is my Rival priz'd?
Why, he's rich, and makes a Shew,
A pert, fantaſtick, airy Beau:
I guilty am of Poverty,
A Crime your Sex will ne'er paſs by.

His Eſtate lies wide around,
And may with little ſearch be found;
Mine, out of Sight, above the Skies,
On *Parnaſſus*' Mountain lies.

He preſents, to prove his Paſſion,
Ev'ry Toy that comes in Faſhion,
And whatever Gold can buy,
To pleaſure Pride and Vanity.
Verſe, wherein my Love I ſing,
Verſe and Love is all I bring;

True

True, the Preſent is but ſmall,
Yet, alas! it is my All.

This, is what makes me deſpis'd;
This, what makes my Rival priz'd.
Stupid Pride of Womankind!
To all, but Show and Folly, blind!
Simple Maid! can Riches prove
A greater Happineſs than Love?
Will noiſy Pomp and ſplendid Cloaths
Afford Content and true Repoſe?

Miſtaken Fair! what I preſent,
Out-laſting Gold and Adamant,
Records You in the Rolls of Fame,
And gives an everlaſting Name.

His Wealth, indeed, will make you Great,
And you may live, and die, in State;

But, accepting Love and Me,
You, *Flora!* ſhall immortal be.

A SERIOUS
REFLECTION
On Human Life.

HOW vain is Man! how fooliſh all his Ways!
How ſhort, and yet, how ſorrowful his Days!
From Life's firſt Moment, to its lateſt Date,
A painful, careful, miſerable State!
Languid as Sunſhine in a Winter's Day,
Its worthleſs Joys, ſcarce taſted, haſte away:
But Grief, and Labour, everlaſting flow,
And make out one continu'd Scene of Woe.

Like

Like Blades of Graſs, poor Mortals fall, and riſe;
Here one ſprings up, one withers there, and dies:
This Sun reſtores the Loſs of Yeſterday,
To-morrow takes, what this reſtor'd, away.
Thus fiery Meteors dance along the Plain,
Now up, now down, now ſeen, now loſt again.

Man's Infant-State is chiefly paſs'd in Tears;
His Youth in Bondage under Tyrant Fears;
Manhood drives headlong with a looſen'd Rein,
By Paſſion ſpur'd, nor Reaſon can reſtrain;
And in Old Age even Life it ſelf is Pain.
Thus ev'ry Stage peculiar Sorrow knows,
As Years on Years ſo Woes increaſe on Woes.

On Man, if poor, ten thouſand Ills attend,
Abandon'd, comfortleſs, He knows no Friend;
A wretched Life his Labours ſcarce ſuſtain,
Begun, continu'd, and dragg'd on with Pain.

By All regarded with a ſcornful Eye,
Deſpis'd He lives, does unlamented die:
No pompous Obſequies his Coarſe ſhall have,
Alone, and unattended to the Grave.

But, if the Gods have doom'd him rich, and great,
He ſtands a Mark for all the Darts of Fate:
So lofty Mountains Storms and Tempeſts know,
While gentle Calms bleſs all the Plains below.

Tho' on his Brows a Regal-Circle blaze,
And wond'ring Crowds at humble Diſtance gaze,
Wait ev'ry Nod, his each Command obey,
Aw'd by the falſe deluſive Charms of Sway,
He ſadly feels that Weight which bends him down,
And finds there's no Enjoyment in a Crown:
Diſtinguiſh'd by his Purple, and his Cares,
His Grief's ſuperior, as the Rank He bears.

No

No Age, no State, unhappy Mortals know,
Which is not full, and over-charg'd with Woe:
Troubles from Life, as Sparks from Fire, 'riſe;
Man's born, knows Care, looks round, laments,
and dies.

A SONG. To FLORA.

WHAT is Glory, Wealth, or Pleaſure,
After which Mankind aſpire?
Thou, My Life! art all the Treaſure,
Joy, and Glory, I deſire.
On thy ſnowy Boſom lying,
Praiſing my auſpicious Fate,
Love a mutual Bliſs ſupplying,
I am Happy, Rich, and Great.

The FEATHER.

IN *Florimel*'s Arms, and almoſt out of Breath,
I'll kiſs Thee, my Charmer! I'll kiſs Thee to
Death!
Cry'd *Thyrſis*, in Raptures,----but ſoon on her Breaſt
He ſunk down his Head, and compos'd him to reſt.

Not long had They lain thus unactive together,
Ere the Wanton pluck'd out from the Bolſter a
Feather;
And graſping Him cloſe, till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Deriſion, the Witty One crys,
To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you ſaid,
I deſign, with this Feather, to chop off your Head.

The

The COMPLAINT. *An* ELEGY.

AH! luckleſs Love! muſt I for ever bear
This Load of Woe, nor know an End of Care?
Muſt this fond Heart, in ſpight of her Diſdain,
Still ſigh for One regardleſs of Its Pain?

While down theſe Cheeks the trickling Sorrow [glides,
And in this Breaſt nought but Deſpair abides,
Secure of Conqueſt, with a ſcornful Joy,
She, cruel Fair! takes Pride in being coy;
No Pity does ſhe ſhow, but hard as Stone
Is her relentleſs Heart, unheedful of my Moan,

Tho', as to Heav'n, I for her Mercy ſue,
While Tears in Show'rs the thirſty Earth bedew,

Deaf as the Northern Wind, from Me ſhe flys,
And glories in the Miſchiefs of her Eyes.
Sooner might Tears an hungry Tyger move
To leave its Prey untouch'd, than her to love.

Ah! fatal Beauty! charming paſt compare!
But much, alas, inhuman more than fair!

The lonely Groves with my Laments reſound,
And pitying Beaſts, attentive ſtand, around;
Sad *Philomela* wonders at my Moan,
And flags her Wings, forgetful of her own.
Both Birds and Beaſts my Plaints to Pity move,
But cruel She with Scorn returns my Love.
My Bloom of Youth by Grief is worn away,
(For Grief, like Age, brings on a ſure Decay.)
Ah! why? alas! was I, unhappy! born!
To periſh by the Rigour of her Scorn?

Hard-

Hard-hearted Maid! thy Cruelty forbear,
'Tis Life I beg, a proſtrate Captive ſpare.

O could my Pains thy Breaſt to Pity move!
O could my Flame but warm thy Heart with Love!
In Pray'rs for Thee the Life thou gav'ſt I'd ſpend,
Nor, but with that, my Gratitude ſhould end.

Vain thoughts of Life! kind Death alone remains,
To eaſe me of her Scorn, and terminate my Pains.

To *FLORA* Dreſt.

I.

WHY art thou dreſt, my lovely Maid!
In Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade?
When Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
Conceal thy Charms, my lovely Maid!

Why

II.

Why ſpend'ſt thou all this Time and Care,
To form thy Shape, to fold thy Hair?
Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy flowing Hair,
More beauteous are without thy Care.

III.

Wou'd'ſt thou, indeed, be finely dreſt?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breaſt;
Unbound thy Hair, and bare thy Breaſt,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely dreſt.

IV.

Remove theſe Veſtments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obſcure the Day:
O! let them not obſcure thy Day:
Remove them all, my Fair! away.

V.

Then ſhining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!

Tran-

Tranſported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

The MEDITATION.

IF Wealth produc'd Content, if Heaps of Gold
Could Happineſs inſure, I too would toil,
And break my Reſt: wou'd ſeek the buſy World
And buſtle thro' the Crowd; no Labour ſpare,
No Danger ſhun, but reſolute, through all
Urge on, impetuous, 'till I might obtain
An ample ſtore of Metal: Fortune's Smiles
Would court, obſequious, and to her prefer
My daily Adorations.——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———But ſince ſhe,
With all her Gifts of Power, Wealth, and Name,
From Care and Wretchedneſs cannot ſecure
Her darling Minions: Since that gawdy Glare

Which ſtrikes the vulgar Eye, is all a vain
Imaginary Good: Since Gold increas'd,
Is but increas'd Anxiety, and Power
To endleſs Fears obnoxious; much more bleſt
Beneath this ſpreading Beech, am I than He
Whoſe Brows a Coronet circles. Here, unknown,
Unenvy'd, undiſturb'd, the Muſe and I
Enjoy an humble Quiet: O you Powers
All-over-ruling! long may we enjoy
This humble Quiet, lowly, yet content!

And, thou, my Muſe! Companion beſt belov'd!
Remote from Courts and Noiſe, ſtill, ſtill, may'ſt thou
Chant forth thy Strains, harmonious, in the Praiſe
Of Virtue, and of Beauty: but not deign,
O never may'ſt thou deign to ſooth the Great!
Or ſtoop to ſervile Flattery! ——ſincere,

Ho-

Honeſt, without Ambition, ſtill beſtow,
What little Share of Fame thou canſt beſtow,
On thoſe who beſt deſerve! where Virtue calls,
Or Beauty ſhines, or Gratitude inſpires.

AMANDA's CHARACTER.

WITHOUT Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty;
Without Pride, or Meanneſs, familiar and witty;
Without Forms, obliging, good-natur'd, and free;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

She acts what ſhe thinks, and ſhe thinks what ſhe ſays;
Regardleſs alike both of Cenſure and Praiſe:

But

But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions, are ſuch,
That none can admire or praiſe them too much.

The RESOLUTION.

THO' *Flora* ſcorns me, I will not deſpair:
What Beauty is there in a cruel Fair?
Fair tho' ſhe be, if ſhe my Love diſdains,
My Heart ſhall break the Bondage of her Chains;
As ſhe my Paſſion, I'll her Scorn deſpiſe,
Her Pride ſhall cure the Miſchiefs of her Eyes.

THE *SPINNING-WHEEL.*

An EPISTOLARY TALE.

In a Letter out of the Country to Mr. Thomas P—ch—d *at* London.

DEAR TOM,

THIS comes to let you know
I'm well, thank God, and hope you're ſo:
In Truth, I'm very much perplext,
For ſomething fine to write you next,
So leave this Blank———
———for you to fill,
With— even whatſoe'er you will.

According, now, to ancient Uſe,
From Compliments I come to News:

Then

Then know the Vicar's Daughter's marry'd,
And Siſter *Suſan* has miſcarry'd;
His Worſhip's Son has been ſo wild,
To get the Chamber-Maid with Child,
Which gives his Father ſuch Offence,
He never has been ſober ſince.

As next in Courſe, on you attends
The juſt Reſpect of all your Friends;
Accept of Services by Dozens,
From all your loving Aunts and Couſins:
The Sheet of Paper would not hold 'em,
Or one by one I ſhould have told 'em.

Next, on my Part, in order, comes
My hearty Love to *John*, and *James*,
To ſmiling *Kate* and buxom *Dolly*,
Yet not forgetting pretty *Molly*.

And

And, now, for want of other Matter,
Wherewith to furniſh out my Letter;
To you, Dear *Tom*, I will unfold
A Story, which for Truth is told;
But whether true or falſe, no doubt,
Your Judgment, *Tom*, will ſoon find out;
And make a proper Application
Of what I give the bare Relation.

Once on a Time (my Story ſays)
An over-ſtudious Prieſt there was,
Who to the Age of Fifty three
Had hoarded his Virginity;
Reſiſting *Satan* all his Life
In Form of Miſtreſs,——or of Wife.
But when, and where, is not agreed,
(Which let for that Omiſſion plead)

Tho' what's material in the Caſe
Relates to Fact, not Time and Place.

But not to make a long Digreſſion,
According to the Modern Faſhion;
Grown weary of a ſingle Life,
He now reſolv'd to take a Wife.
The Cauſe, indeed, is not aſſign'd,
Which made the Parſon change his Mind;
But, if to gueſs we may be bold,
He found the Winter Nights were cold:
And, if we may go on in gueſſing,
Thought Nat'ral Heat the moſt refreſhing.
But whether This, or what beſide,
We'll leave the Learned to decide.

Purſuant to this Reſolution,
The next Thing was which Way to chuſe One:

For,

For, right the Parſon did conclude,
Bad ſome might be, tho' ſome were Good:
But, ſince He no Experience had
How to diſtinguiſh Good from Bad,
The only Way he meant to try,
Was taking her would firſt comply.
For if all Wedlock is a Lottery,
Thinks he, 'tis but a piece of Sottery,
In chuſing for to make a Pother,
When one may prove as good as t'other:
And, ſince kind Fate is ſtill our Guide,
Both to the Halter and the Bride;
Ev'n let's on that alone rely,
Whether to Marry, or to Die,
And wiſely yield to Deſtiny.

In vain is mortal Wit employ'd,
Or This to gain, or That avoid:

Juſt when we think to graſp a Joy,
O'er-ruling Fate, which acts unſeen,
With Arm-forbidding Steps between,
And does our blooming Hope deſtroy.
Then let's on That devolve our Care,
And all our uſeleſs Labour ſpare.

The Doctor (for that He was ſo
I ſhould have told you long ago;
But for a Poet to forget,
Dear *Thomas*, is not ſtrange a bit,)
In *Sunday* Gown and Cambrick Band
Equip'd him for the promis'd Land.
For He imagin'd now, Friend *Thomas*,
That Wedlock was the *Land of Promiſe*,
And fancy'd, He could plainly ſhow,
It did with Milk and Honey flow:

Tho',

Tho', if we may pretend to gueſs,
He found it but the *Wilderneſs*.

But to take up the Point in Hand,
Which ſeems, at preſent, at a ſtand;
On Heaven's Direction he rely'd,
And forth he went to ſeek a Bride.

Not far the pious Prieſt had gone,
Before he met with Farmer *John*:
Neighbour, ſays he, I think you have
A Daughter, and her Name I crave:
Doctor, cry'd honeſt *John*, 'tis true,
I muſt have one, becauſe I've two;
And if you'd know the Names of both,
The one is *Sis'ly*, t'other *Ruth*.
Sis'ly, and *Ruth*? the Doctor cry'd;
Well, one of theſe muſt be my Bride:

And, Neighbour, to declare the Truth,
I like, methinks, the Name of *Ruth:*
The Reaſon I prefer the ſame,
Is, 'cauſe it is a Scripture Name:
For, where the Scripture can decide,
It always ought to be our Guide.

The Farmer gave his free Conſent,
And Home with him the Doctor went:
Where, overjoy'd, that he ſhould be
The Father of Divinity;
An ample Can of nappy Ale,
Exceeding ſtrong, and wondrous ſtale,
The Farmer brought, to drink Succeſs
To their approaching Happineſs;
(For *John* had always underſtood,
A Bargain dry could not be good.)

And,

And, laſtly, to conclude the Matter,
He call'd in *Ruth*, his youngeſt Daughter,

Juſt in the Glory of her Youth,
About ſixteen was roſy *Ruth*.
The Doctor kiſs'd her; call'd her Child;
She drop'd a Curt'ſy; bluſh'd, and ſmil'd:
He ask'd her if ſhe'd change her Life,
And yield to be a Parſon's Wife:
That he was now reſolv'd on Marriage:
Lik'd both her Perſon, and her Carriage,
And in the Morning did deſign,
That Brother Crape their Hands ſhou'd joyn.

Ruth told him, he went on too faſt,
That ſhe was not in ſo much Haſte,
Nor did, indeed, deſign to marry,
At ſooneſt, till next *January*;

That ſhe was Youug, but he was Old,
And much ſhe fear'd, exceeding Cold;
(For *Dick* had given her to gueſs
How warm a youthful Lover was,
And by Contraries ſhe might know,
An ancient one could not be ſo.)
In ſhort, he might go ſeek elſewhere,
A Wife he ne'er ſhould have of her.
Thus having told her full Intent,
A Curt'ſy drop'd; and out ſhe went.

The Doctor this with Grief affected,
Who no ſuch Uſage had expected;
But truſting to the Proverb ſtill,
That if one won't another will,
He hop'd to reconcile the Matter,
By taking of the other Daughter:

And

And looking on the Farmer wiſtly,
Deſir'd he would call in *Sis'ly*.

About the Age of thirty three,
A Maiden ſtale was *Siſely* :
But for her Years let's not deſpiſe her,
As She was older, She was wiſer ;
And formal Courtſhip laid aſide,
Became at once the Doctor's Bride.

Their Hands were joyn'd : The Table ſpread :
The Night came on : They went to Bed :
Where let 'em ſleep, and take their Eaſe :
And freely do —— whate'er they pleaſe.

Now, *Phœbus* gave *Aurora* Warning,
And Whip and Spur drove on the Morning :

When

When ſurfeited with Marriage Charms,
The Doctor left his *Sis'ly*'s Arms,
With different Thoughts of Wedlock quite,
Than he lay down with over-night:
And, truly, I have clear forgot
Whether he did repent, or not;
But whether quite ſo ſoon or no,
Thouſands there be which have done ſo;
For Marriage is obſerv'd to be
A fatal kind of Prodigy;
At Diſtance wears an Angel's Charms,
But turns a Devil in One's Arms.

And, now, the Doctor left his Bride,
To thumb the Books he'd laid aſide,
But told her, tho' ſhe was his Wife,
She muſt not lead a lazy Life,

Or

Or purpoſe to be wholly idle,
Whilſt he is poring o'er the Bible,
For that ſame Text is very meet,
Which ſays, Who works not ſhall not eat,
And his Deſire was, indeed,
That She ſhould ſpin whilſt He ſhould read.
She told him ſhe would ſtill obey
Whate'er Commands he pleas'd to lay,
And make the Buſineſs of her Life
To prove a kind obliging Wife.

Now, thus, almoſt a Month was run,
The Doctor read, and *Sis'ly* ſpun:
At laſt, a Whim came in his Head,
That he (forſooth) would read in Bed,
Till he, for Sleep, could do no more
Than put the Candle out, and ſnore.

Oft

Oft *Sis'ly* by Perſwaſion try'd,
To make him lay his Books aſide;
But ſpight of all that ſhe could ſay
The Doctor ſtill would have his Way.
Night came in vain: She ſigh'd, and turn'd;
The Doctor read: The Candle burn'd:
No Comfort did ſhe find in Bed:
The Candle burn'd: The Doctor read.

One Night, ſhe full of Wiſhes lay,
That he would put his Book away:
But finding it was all in vain,
To ſigh, to reaſon, or complain;
She from his Side did ſoftly ſteal,
And fetch'd to Bed her Spinning-Wheel.

The Doctor, ſtaring with Surprize,
Could ſcarce give Credit to his Eyes:

Good

Good God! ſays he, what is't you do?
What Tricks are you about to ſhew?
Was Woman e'er before ſo mad
To bring a Spinning-Wheel to Bed?

Poor *Sis'ly* ſqueez'd the Doctor's Hand,
And told him, She his wiſe Command
Had well conſider'd, plainly ſhewing,
That ev'ry One ſhou'd ſtill be *Doing*.
The Doctor ſmiling, gueſs'd what meant
His bluſhing Spouſe's Compliment;
And took the Thing by its right Handle,
Laid down his Book: Blow'd out the Candle.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Grim King of the Ghoſts*, &c.

I.

ON the Bank of a River ſo deep,
Whoſe Waters glide ſilently on,
Sad *Roſalind* ſat down to weep,
For *Damon* her Lover was gone:
The faireſt and faithfulleſt She,
Of all that tripp'd over the Plains;
But, alas! the moſt fickle was He,
Among all the Shepherds and Swains.

II.

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream,
All his Vows are forgotten! ſhe cries,

Regarded

Regarded no more than a Dream,
Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdeſs dies:
He's gone, the falſe Creature is gone,
To deceive ſome freſh Nymph o' the Plain,
Whoſe Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loſs of a perjured Swain.

III.

Beware, you bright Maidens! beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;
For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair,
When he ſpeaks there's no Muſick ſo ſweet:
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightſome and kind,
But believe not one word he can ſay,
For he's falſe as the wavering Wind.

IV.

Fooliſh Maid! whilſt I thought he was true,
I ſent up no Look to the Skies;

All

All the Sunſhine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wiſh'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain, could I fear,
No Hell but the Loſs of his Love.

V.

How fondly endearing was He,
Till I granted whate'er he deſir'd?
But, you Virgins! take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd:
Now I ne'er ſhall embrace him again,
He ungrateful is flown from my Arms,
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And deſpiſes theſe ſullyed Charms.

VI.

Sure the Gods have ſome Vengeance in ſtore,
For the Breach of thoſe Vows which he made,

Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd:
But forgive him, you Powers above!
Tho' he's falſe, bring no Harm on his Head,
But crown him with Beauty and Love,
Long after poor *Roſalind*'s dead.

VII.

Thus ſhe mourn'd: What a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows reſound,
And the Stream ſhews her blubbered Eyes;
All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is ſpread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow,
And the Willows bend over her Head.

To FRIENDSHIP.

HAil! Sacred Friendſhip! Life's ſublimeſt Joy!
Which all the Rage of Fortune can't deſtroy:
Thou! Source of Bliſs! Thou! Sorrow's kind Relief!
Above, below, for ever Thou the Chief!
Heav'n, without Thee, would comfortleſs appear,
And who enjoys Thee finds an Heaven here.

The RAPTURE.

YOU Gods! to fold the Charmer in my Arms,
And preſs her panting boſom cloſe to mine!
Whilſt with tumultuous Ardor turning round,
With equal Warmth my Rapture ſhe returns,
Owns

Owns all the Bliſs, and gives me Sigh for Sigh!
To drink large Draughts of Pleaſure from her Lips,
And in her Eyes behold immortal Day,
Is Extacy ſo great! Delight ſo vaſt!
That was it laſting, could but Nature bear
The Rage of ſuch unſufferable Joy,
Thus bleſt, I ſcarce one Thought ſhould caſt away
On Heav'n's eternal Happineſs, or You!

F L A V A.

ADorn'd with ev'ry blooming Grace,
Divinely Fair is *Flava*'s Face:
Practis'd in each deceitful Art,
Baſely falſe is *Flava*'s Heart.

A PROOF *of* LOVE.

AS Buxom *Suſan* milk'd the brindl'd Cow,
Young *Ralph* return'd from holding of the Plow:
Behind he catch'd her, and cry'd out, O *Sue!*
I love thee dearly!——by this Buſs I do!
Then kiſs'd her out of Breath: With wanton Joy
She claſp'd him round, and hugg'd the luſty Boy.
Her Cheeks with Pleaſure glow, her Bubbies ſwell,
Why, *Ralph!* ſays ſhe————
I did not think you lov'd me half ſo well!

To Mrs. JANE FORSTER,

On her Birth-Day. *Auguſt* 4th. 1724.

An ODE.

I.

TO Thee, *Miranda!* fair and young,
To Thee, bright Object of Deſire!
Still the Muſes form their Song,
Raiſe their Voice, and tune their Lyre.

II.

Venus riſing from the Sea,
By her Train of Love ſurrounded,
While with joyful Harmony
Ev'ry Shore her Praiſe reſounded,
Shone not half ſo bright as Thee.

III.

With envious Eyes, thy growing Charms,
Averſe, beholds the blooming Maid,
Their Force ſhe knows, and is afraid
To loſe her Lover from her Arms.

IV.

Devout, before the Throne of *Jove*,
With lifted Hands and bended Knee,
The Youth whoſe Soul is fill'd with Love,
Ne'er thinks of Heav'n, but prays for Thee.

V.

Darling of thy Parent's Care!
Center of their Hope and Fear!
Smiling Wonder! living Treaſure!
Beſt deſerving, choiceſt Pleaſure!
Much, and long, O may'ſt Thou be
A Bliſs to Them, and They to Thee!

VI.

All that Angels find above,
All the Joys of Life and Love,
On Thee ever, ever flow!
Pining Sickneſs, drooping Fear,
Weeping Sorrow, waſting Care,
May'ſt Thou never, never know!

A SONG.

I.

GREAT Love! thou univerſal King!
From whom our Joys and Sorrows ſpring,
Take Pity on my Pain;
Command *Eliza*, in whoſe Eyes
The Force of mighty Magick lyes,
To eaſe a loveſick Swain.

II.

'Tis ſhe for whom I daily pray,
'Tis ſhe for whom I pine away,
She's all my Hope and Care:
From her the Torments I endure,
From her alone muſt come my Cure,
By Kindneſs, or Deſpair.

DAMON *and* CLOE.

A SONG.

I.

Damon. LOVE's an idle childiſh Paſſion,
Only fit for Girls and Boys;
Marriage is a curſed Faſhion,
Women are but fooliſh Toys.

II. Spight

II.

Spight of all the tempting Evils,
Still thy Liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

I.

Cloe. Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty,
Thou, who dar'ſt my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
Tremble at my Feet, and die.

II.

Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel *Pride* deceive Thee?
Ask Him who's the Monarch now.

A PRAYER,

For a young Lady ſick.

I.

FItter for the Bridal-Bed,
Than the cold and ſilent Grave,
Let Death take thouſands in her ſtead,
But, O You Gods! *Florinda* ſave.

II.

Hear Mankind's united Prayers,
Grant their Wiſhes, dry their Tears,
Send balmy Health to heal her Pain,
And raiſe her up, again to reign!

On the Death of Mrs. HALSEY,

Aged Nineteen.

——— nec me meminiſſe pigebit Elizæ,
Dum memor ipſe mei, dum ſpiritus hos regit Artus.

I.

MOURN, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:
Beauteous *Florinda*, whom the Shepherds ſung,
Joy of each Heart, and Praiſe of every Tongue,
With whoſe dear Name the ſmiling Vallies rung.
Sigh to the Winds, and let the Winds reply,
Weep to the Streams, and raiſe their Waters high,
Complain to Eccho, and bid Eccho tell
The wond'ring Shores, why all their Rivers ſwell.

Make

Make every Grove, and every Mead around,
With plaintive Moan, and loud Laments reſound;
Thoſe flowery Meads o'er which ſhe trip'd along,
Thoſe gladſom Groves which liſt'ned to her Song.
Bid them, no more ſtretch forth a verdant Shade,
Bid them, no more a flow'ry Carpet ſpread,
But bid them die: ---for ſhe in whom they joy'd [is dead!

II.

Mourn, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:
Amongſt ten thouſand eminently fair,
With ſuch diſtinguiſht Light the Morning Star
Shines forth, ſuperior, glittering from afar.

Juſt in the Prime of Life, her heav'nly Charms
Mature, and bending to the Lover's Arms,
Death, cruel Spoiler! came: Shook down the Fruit,
Lop'd all the Branches, and deſtroy'd the Root.

O!

O! what is Beauty, which Mankind eſteem?
Or what is Life? —— A momentary Dream,
A fleeting Shade, a Bubble fill'd with Breath,
And wafted by the Winds---the Sport of Death.

That Tyrant Death, whoſe unrelenting Arm
Force ſtrives in vain to vanquiſh, Gold to charm;
With Terrors compaſs'd round, He ſtalks along,
Deſpoils the Rich, and overthrows the Strong:
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Worth, nor Beauty ſpares,
Blind to the Parent's Woes, deaf to the Lover's [Pray'rs.

III.

Mourn, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:
Florinda, lovely as the new-born Spring
Affording Life and Joy to every Thing,
With all the Charms of Youth and Beauty gay,
Is now become a Lifeleſs Lump of Clay.

Where

Where are thoſe Eyes which ſet the Plains on fire?
That Bloom which warm'd the Aged with Deſire?
That Angel-Sweetneſs? that Carnation-Glow?
Thoſe Lips of Rubies? and thoſe Breaſts of Snow?
Breathleſs! and pale! and cold! alas! ſhe lies!
Jove's pointed Light'ning has forſook her Eyes,
The Bloom her Cheeks: No longer fair and young:
Fled are her Charms, and ſilent is her Tongue!

So, ſome choice Flow'r, the Artiſt's darling Care,
Diſplays Its Beauties, and perfumes the Air,
Salutes the riſing Sun, and proudly gay,
Folds up its Leaves but with the cloſing Day,
Nipt by the Eaſtern Wind, untimely fades,
Its Sweets forſake it, and its Glory ſheds.

IV.

Mourn, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:

Behold

Behold the Queen of Love, in mournful State,
Veil'd is her Face, and ſolemn is her Gait,
Her ſplendid Veſtments all are laid aſide,
And deep her Groans as when *Adonis* dy'd.
Her Band of *Cupids* weeping all around,
Their Bows and Quivers ſcatter'd on the Ground,
All chanting, ſadly, in a mournful Strain,
Death's fatal Pow'r, and Beauty's ſhort-liv'd Reign.

Beauty's the Sunſhine of an *April* Day,
Which gilds the Plains, and makes all Nature gay;
But ſoon, alas! wide o'er the darken'd Skies,
The gathering Clouds and bluſt'ring Tempeſts riſe,
Down pour the Rains, the rolling Torrents roar,
Loſt is the Sun, and glads the Plains no more.

V.

Mourn, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:

Search

Search wide around amongſt the ſhady Bow'rs,
Collect the faireſt and the ſweeteſt Flow'rs;
The Pink, the Lilly, and the Crimſon Roſe,
A various Garland for her Head compoſe.
Her lovely Coarſe with every Leaf beſtrew,
Which boaſts a grateful Scent, or pleaſing Hue:
The next kind Spring does all their Pride reſtore,
But She, alas! will ne'er delight us more!

Slow, ſilent, paſſing on, in ſad Array,
Attend, You Virgins! to inter her Clay,
All rob'd in White: around each drooping Head
Let mournful *Cypreſs* caſt its gloomy Shade;
The diſmal Garland, and the ſnowy Dreſs,
Witneſs her Virtue pure, and your own Wretched-
[neſs.

When You approach the melancholy Grave,
Where blended lye, the Monarch and the Slave,

The

The Good, the Bad, the Timorous, and the Bold,
The Foul, the Fair, the Youthful, and the Old,
Each take a laſt cold Kiſs: Bid Sorrow flow:
Lay down the dear Remains: —— and give a
Looſe to Woe:
Then whilſt you joyn in this Solemnity,
Think, what *Florinda* was, and what your ſelves muſt [be.

VI

Mourn, O You Muſes! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:
But for your ſelves, not Her, your Sorrows ſhed,
She's gone, indeed, but not amongſt the Dead.
Heav'n has reclaim'd its own: —— her beauteous
Frame.
Her wond'rous Goodneſs, told from whence ſhe [came;
And Death, the Meſſenger of gracious *Jove*,
But call'd Her hence, to fill her Place above.

Behold! the Clouds divide, and from afar
A beauteous Train, each ſparkling like a Star,
Gently deſcends: See, there, *Florinda* riſe,
Bright as the Sun, and blaze along the Skies.
Now, now, They meet: And hark! each Angel ſings,
Or blows the Trump, or ſtrikes the Silver Strings,
Celeſtial Strains! whilſt upwards they convey
Their bleſt Companion to the Realms of Day.

On Mrs. —— S——'s

Playing on the Harpſicord, and ſinging.

HArk! *Muſidora* ſtrikes the ſounding Strings:
O Harmony! what Raptures doſt Thou move!

Nature

Nature be huſht, for *Muſidora* ſings,
And every Paſſion now is chang'd to Love;
Seraphs and *Cherubs*, bend, attentive, down,
Admire Her Muſick, and forget their own.

To a Deaf young Lady.

WHen Nature form'd You thus divinely Fair,
She meant to ſhew Mankind what Angels are:
Your Heav'nly Bloom, your juſt-proportion'd Frame,
Your generous Breaſt, your Innocence the ſame,
Celeſtial All: With native Luſtre bright,
Pleaſing the Soul as *Phœbus* glads the Sight.

Nature thus far, her own great Pow'r to ſhew;
But next, regards the Happineſs of You:
Kindly with-holding one deluſive Senſe,
She ſaves You from Mankind's Impertinence.

To a Painter: drawing her Picture.

LET All that's charming, All that's good, appear
In ev'ry Touch:——Thou can'ſt not flatter here.
With trembling Awe trace out each beauteous Line,
Conſider: She Thou pictur'ſt is divine.
Obſerve each Feature, mark each blooming Grace,
And all the Heav'n which opens in her Face;
Then ſtop thy Hand at the ſurprizing View,
Nor madly dare beyond what Art can do.

The

The ENQUIRY.

WHAT is this Love? This Source of Human-Woe?
This being mad, and chuſing to be ſo?
This Gall of Life? This Fever of the Soul?
This Flame which burns beneath the frozen Pole?
This Bane of Joy? This general Diſeaſe,
Which in all Climes, and on all Ranks, doth ſeize?
This fatal Pill, whoſe gilding tempts the Eye,
But ſwallow'd down brings Care and Miſery?

Its Pains are all the Torments of Deſpair;
Its Joys ſcarce known, and fleeting as the Air;
Smiles are its Food, Fruition all its Aim,
A poor inſipid Joy, ſcarce worthy of a Name.

The COMPARISON.

MAdneſs, and Love, are different but in Name,
And in Degree: Their Symptoms juſt the ſame.

A ſimple Frown the Lover's Peace deſtroys,
And in a Smile He finds a thouſand Joys.

Great, in his Straw, the other Mad-Man reigns,
Kingdoms o'erthrows, and triumphs,—in his Chains;
Or, ſunk beneath imaginary Ills,
Subſtantial Grief, and real Torment feels.

Bedlam for one, for t'other *Hymen* waits;
How hard to chuſe between ſuch equal Fates!
Equal! ſaid I: ———————————

Ah

Ah no! Its Conſequence does ſadly prove
The greateſt Madneſs is to be in Love.

To FLORA. *A SONG.*

I.

WHY ſtrive You, *Flora!* thus, to hide
The Kindneſs You have for me,
And force your ſelf to frown, and chide,
And tell me, You abhor me?

II.

'Tis vain, on me, your Arts to try,
Who know your Inclination:
For in your Eyes I plainly ſpy
Your Anger's Affectation.

III.

Ceaſe, then, to vex your ſelf, and me,
There needs no further Tryal:
Your Love's as great as mine can be,
In Spight of your Denyal.

DEATH.

I.

DEATH is the Road to everlaſting Life,
To Palms, and Crowns, and to eternal Joys
Unmixt with Sorrow; Where no Care, nor Strife,
Or Hopes, or Fears, the Happineſs deſtroys;
But where Content, and Love, and perfect Peace,
And Bliſs, abides, which never knows Decreaſe.

II. Death

II.

Death is a Friend, that ſets the Wretched free,
From Pain, and Want, and all their Suff'rings here:
That laughs at diſappointed Tyranny,
And makes the Slave no more his Bondage fear;
That heals the Sick, the Hungry kindly fills,
And cures Mankind of all their worldly Ills.

III.

Death is a Gate, that opens differently
Two folding Doors, which lead contrary Ways;
Thro' This the Good Man finds Felicity,
The Bad thro' That to endleſs Ruin ſtrays:
Herein They both the ſelf-ſame Rule retain,
Who enters once muſt ne'er return again.

LOVE.

LOVE.

In Amore hæc inſunt.

LOVE's an headſtrong wild Deſire
To poſſeſs what we admire:
Hurrying on without reflecting,
All, that's juſt, or wiſe, neglecting.
Pain, or Pleaſure, it is neither,
But Exceſs of both together;
Now, addreſſing, cringing, whining,
Vowing, fretting, weeping, pining,
Murm'ring, languiſhing, and ſighing,
Mad, deſpairing, raving, dying:
Now, careſſing, laughing, toying,
Fondling, kiſſing, and enjoying.

Always

Always in Extreams abiding,
Without meaſure, fond, or chiding:
Either, furious, with poſſeſſing,
Or deſpairing of the Bleſſing:
Now, tranſported; now, tormented;
Still uneaſy; ne'er contented.
None can tell its Riſe, or Progreſs,
Or its Ingreſs, or its Egreſs,
Whether by a Look produced,
Or by Sympathy infuſed.

Fancy does ſo well maintain it,
Weaker Reaſon can't reſtrain it,
But is forc'd to fly before it,
Or elſe worſhip and adore it.

On CONTENT.

GIVE me, O God! (for all Things come from Thee)
Content, that richeſt Cordial of the Soul:
Poſſeſſing This, I happier ſhall be,
In my neglected low Degree,
Than He who does in Heaps of Riches roll.
Chymiſts, long in vain, have ſought
The Philoſophick-Stone to find,
What Labour had been ſpar'd! if They had thought
To look for't where it is, in a contented Mind.

The EXECRATION.

I.

DOwn quick, to Hell's dark Shades below,
Damn'd to never-ending Woe,
May He, the guilty Mortal go,
Who with his Lies and Oaths deludes the Fair,
Then falſe, and changing as the Air,
Leaves Her to vain Remorſe, and black Deſpair.

II.

May there, before his ſtarting Eyes,
Hell's moſt hideous Forms ariſe,
And hollow in his Ears his Perjuries.
For ever may the Furies laſh his Soul,
And He with racking Anguiſh howl,
Whilſt Tortures always changing round him roll.

Let

Let thus, you Powers! eternal Vengeance find
Each impious Wretch, whoſe brutiſh Mind
Proves to complying Beauty faithleſs or unkind.

The BEAUTIES *of* ENFIELD.

Magnum Iter aſcendo, ſed dat mihi Gloria Vires.
Propertius.

THE Maids of *Britain*, in the Times of old,
Were fam'd for Beauty; ſo have Poets told:
But ne'er could *Britain* boaſt ſo bright a Race
As what does now her happy Annals grace.

Our Fathers glory'd, if, ſometimes, They found
A lovely *Sal'sbury*, or *Roſamond:*
Names, could They now return to Life again,
Muſt undiſtinguiſht, in the Crowd, remain.

Then,

Then, Beauty thin was ſcatter'd, here and there;
Now, a full Harveſt riſes every where.

But, much ſuperior in each heav'nly Grace,
Appear the Fair Ones of the *Enfield* Race:
Born to command, ſupremely bright They ſhine,
And with their Eyes aſſert the Right divine.
Ten thouſand charms, in each, at once diſplay
Their blended Radiance, and eclipſe the Day.

Why then, O Muſe! remains thy Harp unſtrung?
Still art Thou ſilent, and are Theſe unſung!
Ariſe for Shame, to diſtant Times declare,
How much Theſe are the Faireſt of the Fair.

Whereby They reign, wherein They moſt excel,
Severely juſt, to all impartial, tell:

Whoſe

Whoſe Shape, whoſe Air, whoſe Manners moſt
ſurprize;
Whoſe ſparkling Wit, and whoſe commanding
[Eyes.

Whilſt Others, led by mercenary Views,
Careſs the Great, and proſtitute the Muſe,
Be thine Ambition, thy peculiar Care,
In laſting Numbers to record the Fair:
Each Maid celeſtial in thy Verſe be ſhewn,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace whereby Herſelf is
[known.

Florinda, blooming, with an Air divine,
Strait as the Cedar, graceful as the Pine,
Sweetly majeſtick like the Queen of *Jove*,
Checking Preſumption, but commanding Love.

Anna, whoſe Eyes eternal Joys diſcloſe;
Bright as the Lilly, ſweeter than the Roſe:

The

The *Cyprian* Dame ſhe looks, ſhe talks, ſhe moves,
Gay as her Sparrows, gentle as her Doves.

Eliza, Nature's Pride, in whom we view
The fineſt Lines her Pencil ever drew;
Her Smiles outſhine the Glories of the Spring,
And Angels liſten when ſhe deigns to ſing.

Belinda, lov'd by All: In whom we find
A Form engaging, a celeſtial Mind:
Wiſe, but not vain: Superior, but not proud:
Above, and yet deſcending to the Crowd.
The Gods to Her have much Good-nature giv'n,
That richeſt Bleſſing in the Stores of Heav'n.

Not thus, *Roxana*, who in Scandal bold,
Cenſures the Young, and ridicules the Old:
In Paſtime flings malicious Slanders round,
And with each Laugh inflicts a deadly Wound:

No Tyes whatever can her Wit controul,
Nor would ſhe loſe a Jeſt to ſave a Soul.

Wit, unreſtrain'd by Reaſon's cool Command,
Is like a Dagger in a Mad-Man's Hand,
With Miſchief wantoning, It ſtrikes at All,
And Friends and Foes alike before Its Fury fall.

With Beauty bleſt, *Amanda* trips along,
And all around the *Loves* and *Graces* throng,
Bask in her Smiles, and wanton in her Eyes,
Whilſt each Beholder ſighs, adores, and dies.

Sing, Thou, O Muſe! *Luſinda*, heav'nly Fair!
Her artleſs Bluſhes, her endearing Air:
Her generous Soul unable to pretend,
Her gentle Language ſpeaking ſtill the Friend,
To blame unwilling, eager to commend.

Lovely

Lovely but luckleſs! Weeping all around
Her Train of *Loves*, with Bands of Willow bound,
And *Hymen*'s Torch extinguiſht on the Ground.

Sing, *Roſalinda*, glorious to behold,
Her Eyes of Diamonds, and her Hair of Gold,
Rubies her Lips, two heaving Hills of Snow
Her Breaſts, whence all *Arabia*'s Odours flow.

Miranda ſmiling like the Month of *May*,
Mild as the Dawning, brighter than the Day.
How fair the Flow'r, when ſuch the Bud appears!
And what her Prime, when thus her Infant-Years!

Theſe, and the reſt, O Muſe! do Thou rehearſe,
And may their Names for ever grace thy Verſe:
Who firſt in Publick, who in Private ſhine,
Their Arts declare, and whither They incline.

Her, prais'd for Houſewifry, whoſe ſpreading Fame
Large Works of rich Embroidery proclaim.
While thro' the Tent the nimble Needle flys,
Trees, Fruits, and Flowers, Men and Monkies, riſe,
And naked *Cupids* — hunting —— Butterflies.

That beauteous Maid who charms the Eyes of all
Whene'er ſhe moves: O could thy Numbers fall
Smooth as her Dance when ſhe adorns the Ball!
In times, exact like her's, the Planets run
Their conſtant Courſes round about the Sun.

The Fair One ſhew whoſe Conduct is approv'd,
And Her whom Envy blames for having lov'd:
Who fitteſt at the Tea-Table preſides;
Who diffident, or in Herſelf confides:
The Maid moſt prudent: The moſt ready She
At cloſe Diſpute, or ſprightly *Repartée*:

Who

Who unaffected, cheerful ſpends her Time:
And who reſerv'd, believes a Smile a Crime:
Who moſt minds Other's; who her own Affairs:
And who, religious, always comes to Pray'rs.

Aurelia, never ſeen without a Smile,
But deaf and cruel as the Crocodile,
Who proud of Power, arms her Eyes to kill.

Mira, miſchievous, but againſt her Will:
Her Boſom ſwells with Pity when ſhe hears
The Lover's Sighs, and ſees his flowing Tears:
With ſuch Compaſſion ſooths his raging Pain,
He may be wretched,——— but cannot complain.

Wanton *Statira*, friſking o'er the Lawns,
Thoughtleſs and ſportive as the bounding Fawns:
All Forms deriding with a decent Pride,
She ſcorns by Others Maxims to be try'd;

Freedom

Freedom enjoying, by no Rules confin'd,
Acts what ſhe liſts, uncertain as the Wind.

Deſcribe whom Dreſs, whom Negligence adorns;
Who ſtrives for Conqueſt, and who Conqueſt ſcorns:
Who can the longeſt Liſt of Lovers boaſt:
And who has ponder'd melting *Ovid* moſt:
The various Charms of each commanding Maid
Is now thy Task,—— and *Cupid* be thine Aid.

Begin the Song:———————
———————but, hark! methinks I hear
Phœbus forbidding, whiſper in mine Ear,
Forbear, Vain Bard! correct thy wild Career.
Timely deſiſt, while Thou may'ſt be forgiv'n,
Preſumptuous Mortal! would'ſt Thou picture Heav'n!
Learn thine own Strength: nor raſhly ſtrive to riſe
On flagging Pinions to explore the Skies;

Remember

Remember Him who ſoar'd too near the Sun,
And warn'd by his ſad Fate prevent thine own.

Great God! the Muſe obeys.———————
———————————Her Want of Skill
Excuſe, You Fair Ones! and accept her Will.
For tho' unequal, She the Task declines,
And ſcarce dares view theſe undigeſted Lines,
Her mean Endeavours, may, perhaps, incite
Some able Bard to ſing your Charms aright.

As firſt in Beauty, ſo for ever ſtand
Foremoſt in Fame, ſuperior in Command,
You Maids of *Enfield*, may your Charms be known
Beneath the riſing and the ſetting Sun!
And all Mankind to You their Homage pay,
Whilſt Empires change, and Ages roll away!

F I N I S.

BRITISH
14 SE 70
MUSEUM